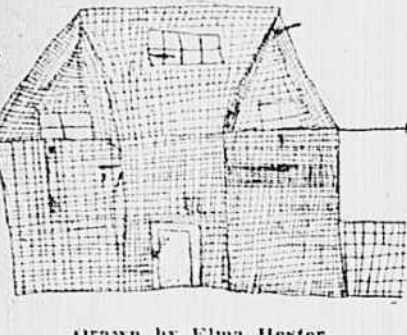
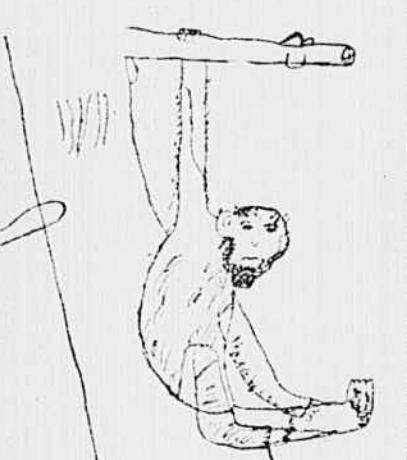


Drawn by Ruth Samson.



Drawn by Elma Hester.



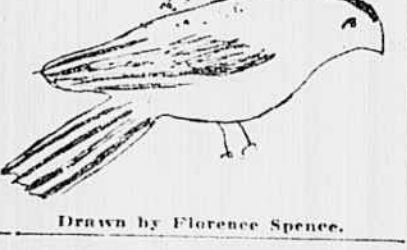
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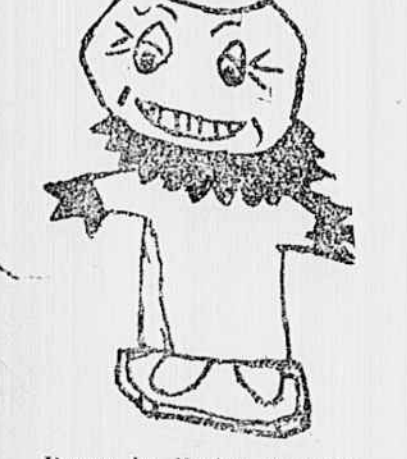
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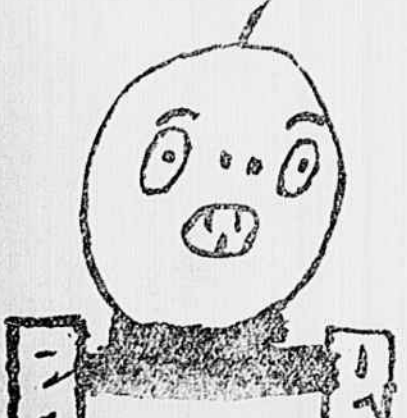
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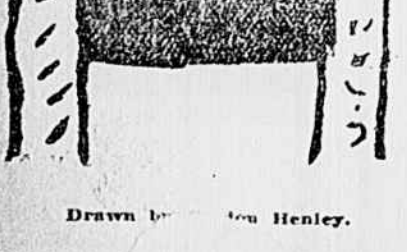
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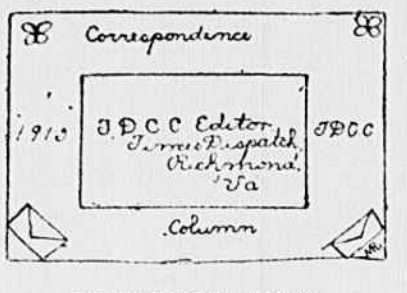
Drawn by Maxine Westphal.



Drawn by Lou Henley.



Drawn by Lou Henley.



BY MARY RAWLINGS.

**Welcome Back.**  
Dear Editor,—I once joined the T.D.C.C. when I was very small, and was too young to take much interest in the page, but I read it every Sunday now and enjoy so much reading the things in it. I am not much of a poet, but I hope you will find room for it in Sunday's paper. As ever, I remain, your loving friend,  
ELIZABETH SHOWALTER,  
Barton Heights, Richmond, Va.

**Will Send It Soon.**  
Dear Editor,—I was very proud to know I had won a prize, and hope to win another soon. I am sending a Halloween story, which I hope to see in print. Your member,  
ANNE GODDIN,  
Richmond, Va.

**Write on One Side of Sheet Only.**  
Dear Editor,—I received my badge and am glad I saw my picture in last week's paper. I hope you are well, would like to see my next picture in this week's paper. Good-bye. Your new member,  
FRANCIS T. ANNULIS.

**A Busy Girl.**  
Dear Editor,—I have been intending to write to the T.D.C.C., but just haven't had time. I was out in the country this summer for about a month and one-half. I had such a good time. I wish you would send me a T.D.C.C. badge if you can. I lost mine. I don't know whether you can or not. I would like to have one if you can let me. Dorothy Smith can certainly draw well. With love to all the members,  
ELEANOR M. INGRAM,  
South Boston, Va.

**Prizes to Be Sent Out This Month.**  
Dear Editor,—I've just finished writing a little rhyme, and I hope to see it printed Sunday. Thank you for printing my story last Sunday. I was afraid it would be too long. Editor, I you a prize last August, and haven't ever gotten it. So, editor, if you have forgotten it, would you please let this remind you of it? Don't you think it's fine that Miss Graye Scott is back again? I do. Will have to close now. Your member,  
DOROTHY BINGHAM,  
Richmond, Va.

**Draw Only in Black Ink.**  
My Dear Editor,—I am sending in a drawing, which I hope to see in print Sunday. Editor, I was more than glad when I saw I had won a prize. Editor, I would have written sooner to the page, but have been going to school every day, and I like my teacher very well. Well, I am sorry to say my prize, so I hope I will soon get it. Well, I will close, with lots and lots of love from your loving member,  
CECELIA M. SINCLAIR,  
Gladstone, Va.

**Likes North Carolina.**  
Dear Editor,—I received the club badge, and want to thank you for it. I like to read the Children's Page of the Times-Dispatch, and make papa buy it every Sunday. I have cousins living in Richmond, on Church Hill. Some day I am going to visit them, and you, too. Do you ever visit North Carolina? If you don't, you ought to. It is far ahead of Virginia. I have always lived in Virginia, but I have always lived in the Old North State. Respectfully,  
JULIA VIRGINIA MARKS.

**This Month.**  
Dear Editor,—I haven't seen any of my letters in print for a long time. When are you going to announce the prize, which I tried so hard to get. Now that I've won a prize, I am going to try to win a medal. I will close wishing the Halloween Page to succeed. I am your member,  
MARIA BEAZLEY,  
Richmond, Va.

**We Miss You.**  
My Dear Editor,—I belong to the club, and I have a badge to prove it. I don't like to write to you. When I can think of something nice to draw that would help our paper, I know it is my duty to send it to the page. I am sending in a drawing for Halloween, which I hope it will escape the fire. Sincerely, your member,  
MAY ROBERTSON.

**Sends Story.**  
Dear Editor,—I was very glad to see my jumbled names in the paper last Sunday. I enclosed you will find a story, which I hope to see in next Sunday's paper. I have not waited for my prize, which I won last May. Please notify me if it has been sent. Your member,  
MAMIE JACKSON.

**New Member.**  
My Dear Editor,—I received the pen to-day, and thank you so much. Now I will tell you something about myself. I am a little girl ten years old, (13) days old. I have lived with my aunt ever since. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Emma Allen. I hope this will be Miss Allen's way to the waste-basket. I am sending you a story also. I am, very truly, your friend,  
EFFIE N. PHILLIPS.

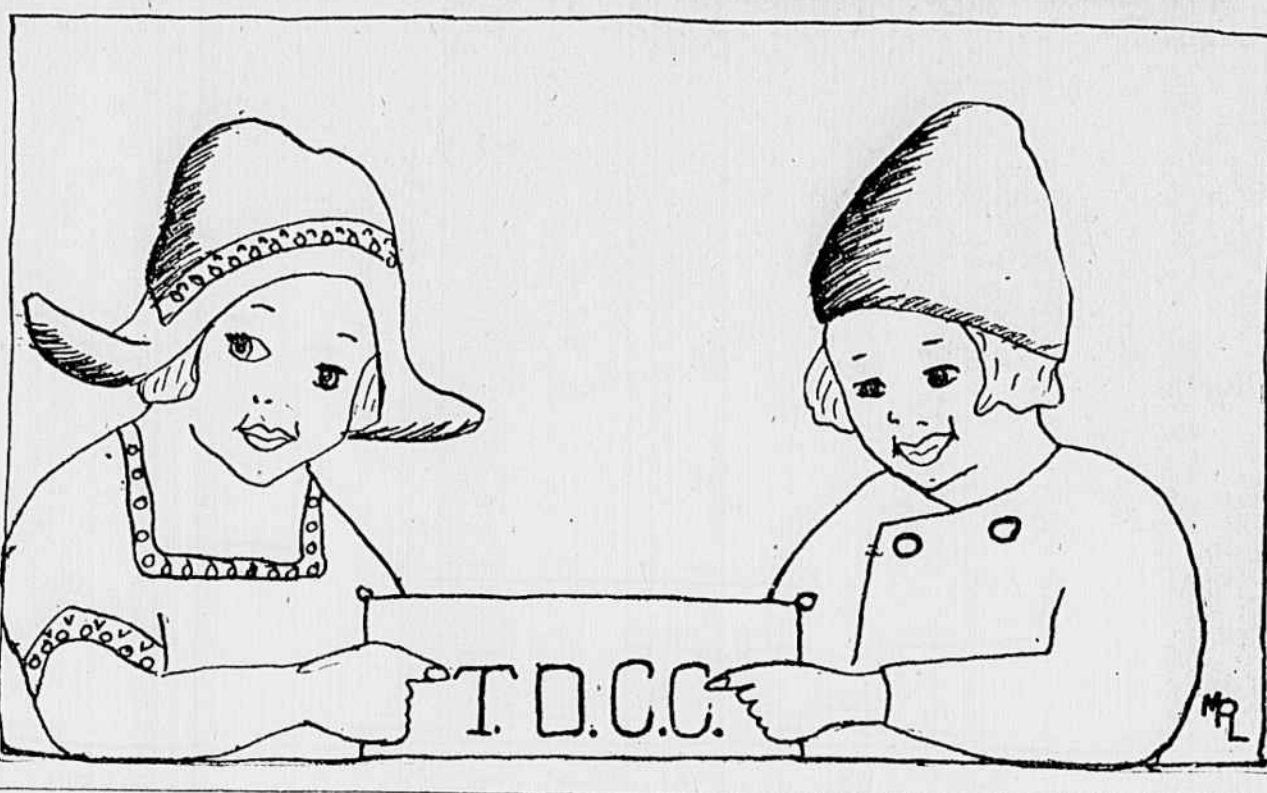
**A Good Resolution.**  
Dear Editor,—How are you feeling? I guess you think I am never going to do anything for the page. I just try and think of the more and try to keep up with it. I am sending in a drawing, and I hope I will see it in the paper. I think your next time I will write a story. Your new member,  
JULIA HOWELL HUGHES.

**Another Busy Member.**  
Dear Editor,—Please excuse me for not writing before. I have been so busy getting ready for the county fair. The school had a parade Wednesday. It was fine. In the parade, we went to the fair grounds. We will hear who won the prizes later.  
I am sending in a story, which I hope to see in the paper. Your loving member,  
EDITH MARY AGNOR,  
165 Pine Street, Covington, Va.

**Prizes Page.**  
Dear Editor,—I would like very much to send a drawing, but I am very busy in school and haven't the time. The page has been fine Sunday. I was very sorry to hear of Ruth Samson's loss, and sympathize with her in her sorrow. I am now in school, and to send to you, and I must put up pen. Love to Editor and all the members. Your loyal member,  
MARY SUE TUCKER,  
McKenney, Va. Age 12.

**A New Member.**  
Dear Editor,—I was very glad to see my drawing in the paper Sunday. Now I feel as if I am a member. I will send them in regular now. I would like to know how many contributions you have to send in a month to get a medal. I am now sending in a drawing, which I wish to see in the paper Sunday. Your new member,  
FLORENCE E. SPENCE.

**Preparing for Fair.**  
Dear Editor,—I am real sorry that I could not come to the fair, as I enjoyed it so much last year. I am preparing for our county fair, which is to be held on the 11th and 12th. I would like to come to it. I am telling you how I spent last Halloween.  
Dorothy Smith, please send in some more letters about Winnie's pranks. I enjoyed the last one so much. When are you going to announce the medals? I have just returned from the fair. The prizes are beautiful. The fair is so nice to go to the woods and a long walk of going to school and studying. We brought home some beautiful colored leaves, and we also found some holly. Lovingly,  
MAY RAWLINGS,  
Lawrenceville, Va.



## Editorial and Literary Department

### PLEASE STUDY RULES.

My Dear Girls and Boys:  
I think I will have to ask you all over again, please study your rules carefully. I have written about the children that do not sign their work, and you have no idea how badly I feel when I have to throw away your nice stories because they haven't any signatures to them. Will Rudolph von Erichsen and Clyde Tipton please sign their work at the bottom of the contribution and not inclose a separate slip with the name on it? This is easily lost, as you may see, and I am sure these boys just haven't understood what I meant before this. Several members sign their drawings on the back, and that is another rule broken. Watch these little points, children, and then everything will go well with the work you send in.  
Are there any Halloween contributions? So many interesting stories and poems about it, now get busy and let's hear about Thanksgiving.  
YOUR EDITOR.

### PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Eleanor M. Ingram, of Box 145, South Boston, Va.  
Frances T. Annulis, please send address.  
Elizabeth Showalter, of 707 Virginia Avenue, Barton Heights, city.

### A HALLOWEEN SCARE.

Five boys were walking down the alley of Jack Smith on Halloween night. Jack Smith, the older, said: "Boys, let's take off the Mayor's gate." They agreed, and in less than ten minutes they were running toward the little workshop with the iron gate. Just as the last one of the boys were in the house someone from without shut the door.  
"Who is that?" cried Jack Smith, as he tried to push the door open.  
"And who is that?" asked the man outside.  
"We are the Dirty Five," said one of the boys.  
Just then a pistol was shoved in the door and then a masked head was thrust in.  
"Mercy!" cried one of the boys. Then the man took off the mask, and it was the Mayor.  
"Boys, I want you to do good instead of evil on Halloween," said the Mayor. "Call your club the Helpful Five instead of the Dirty Five."  
It was agreed upon, and each of the five boys did a good turn that night instead of a bad one.  
(Original.)  
Composed by WILLSON I. HURT.

### THE REAL SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"If I were a cobbler I would make it the best of all cobbleries to be." If I were a tinker, no tinker beside Should mend an old kettle like me."

This is a very good motto for us to go by. If we would go by this motto we would make few failures in life. Whenever we undertake a task, we should have the determination to complete it correctly. Sometimes we do something wrong, we are conscious of it, and yet we do not take pains to correct it. This is a very bad habit in life, and if we have this habit we should try to overcome it. The best way to overcome this habit like this is not to let anything go until it is completed correctly.

We all know when we go to a store to purchase different articles if the merchant gives us the very best he has, no doubt shall we see us call again. The same way with mechanics—if they do their work properly they are never wanting for work, but generally have all they can manage. We should be the same way with us. Whenever we do something for someone, let us do it the very best, and see if they won't call on us again. When we start a task and make up our mind to do it right, it very seldom turns out otherwise. The failures of life are because we have many wrong ideas, and we can never have success until we overcome them. One of them is, when we reach a certain point and it is well done, we think there is no room for improvement. This is a very wrong idea. No matter how well our work is, we can always make it a little better than the time before. Let us lay all these ideas aside and follow this motto:  
"If a task is once begun, Never leave it till it's done; Be the labor great or small, Do it well or not at all."  
SARAH PETEROFF.

### MARY JANE.

Once there was a little princess, her name was Mary Jane. She lived with her father and mother in a beautiful palace.  
One day her nurse took her for a walk by the river. They heard some one in the river cry for help. Mary Jane's dog plunged into the river and brought out a little boy about Mary Jane's size.  
They took him to his little hut. He had no mother, nor father, brother, nor sister.  
Mary Jane told him to come with her, and he was her brother.  
He said he would, but before he went he got a little treasure box, and put it in his pocket.  
At Mary Jane's home he was received like a son to the king.  
In Mary Jane's fifteenth birthday the boy opened the treasure box and gave her a beautiful set of pearls. He said that they had belonged to his mother.  
But, alas! One day they went into the woods alone, and were never seen nor heard of since.  
Composed by EDITH MARY AGNOR.

### A HALLOWEEN PARTY.

On the 25th day of October Margaret Winfield sent out invitations to her friends to her Halloween party on the 31st. She invited ten girls and ten boys. Each one was to come dressed in Halloween style.

On the night of the 31st, the boys and girls all arrived promptly at 8 o'clock.

Margaret did not know one from another, although they were her best friends. Some had on scare-faces, and sheets, some had on masks, and one was dressed like a witch.

Margaret had on a mask, and was dressed in an orange and black dress, which was covered with black cats and witches. Her head-dress was a tall, pointed orange hat.

The light was very low, and they played weird games until 9:30. Then they went into the dining-room, where refreshments were served.

After that other games were played, and ghost stories were told. At midnight they unmasked. About 12:30 o'clock they left, all saying they had had a fine time.  
Composed by PEARL SPITZER.

### POEM.



Now Uncle Sam, he told me,  
Why'n't I join dat T. D. C. C.,  
But says I, dat am for de white,  
What draws and draws, and write and write,  
Dat ar editor sho am smart,  
To gib dem chillun sich a start.  
She gibs dem books and meadles to write;  
I sho does wish dat I was white.  
Composed by V. F. Fore.

### AN EXPERIENCE WITH A GHOST.

Late one Halloween night a young boy about fifteen years ago left his home of his neighbor, whom he had been visiting, and decided to walk through the cemetery, as that was the shortest cut to his home.

He started through the cemetery, and when he had gotten a little more than half way through, he heard a noise behind him, and turning around, he saw something white behind him, which he was sure was a ghost, and he broke and ran, but the ghost was quicker than he and gained on him rapidly, so he jumped upon a four-foot wall, and just as he reached the top the ghost, which was really a white calf, bleated, and the mystery was solved.

### A HALLOWEEN PARTY.

We once had a Halloween party at a sewing school. The teacher took all the scholars down in the basement. "Everybody go in that room across the hall." We went in, and to our great surprise we saw a witch and five ghosts come running at us. Some of the small girls got afraid and cried. But after a while the teacher carried us all in and then quieted us down. We played blind man's buff to win a little witch. Then we ducked for some apples in a tub of water. Then we had our fortunes told by the witch and had some refreshments. We all had a good time and went home happy.  
(The story.)  
Composed by ESTELLE BOSHER.



Drawn by Julia V. Marks.

### THE MODEL OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Sunday afternoon, mother cousin and myself went to Forest Hill to Mr. Stevens's studio to see the model of General Lee on Traveler.

The statue, when finished, is to be placed at Gettysburg. It is one of the grandest things I have ever seen. General Lee was on his horse so straight and nice.

Traveler, the horse, was so beautifully modeled he looked as if he had just heard a noise and was ready to run. General Lee had his field glasses over his back and his sword at his side. Every one I heard express their opinion about it said it was magnificent. I wish all the members could have seen it.

When we came out of the studio we went down to the lake and walked around and into the woods. The ground was covered with all-colored leaves and we had a lovely time.  
(Composed by)  
ELSIE RUDD.

### FAIR.

The time of fall is the time for me. When the brown leaves flutter to the ground in gales, and golden, and red, and underneath them a thick leaf bed.  
The time of fall is the time of blight, Jack Frost comes clothed in his robe of white, And nips and pinches tomato vines, And leaves his tracks on window sills.  
(Orig.) ELIZABETH SHOWALTER.  
Twelve years old.

### A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

Arthur was three years old. He had never been out of doors after dark. One summer evening his aunt took him into the garden with some other children. Presently the moon rose, round and golden. Arthur clasped his little hands with delight at the beautiful sight. Turning to his aunt he asked whether the angels had lighted their lamp.

### EFFIE PHILLIPS.

### THE HALLOWEEN PARTY.

There was to be a Halloween party at Dorothy Smith's. She invited the following children: Harry Chadwick, Philip Gary, Alvin Hattorf, Marjorie Williams, Edward Simons, Susie Varro, Mary Ella Howard, and Samuel Garthright. It was to be the coming Saturday at 8 o'clock.

Dorothy was all ready dressed in her witch costume. She heard the door-bell ring, "Oh!" she exclaimed, "they are all here!" Some in scare faces, and different costumes.  
She had a prize for the funniest dressed one, so all tried to dress funny. She received them, giving each a pumpkin puzzle, which each was supposed to work before leaving. Her mother stood them up in a row, so as to see which was funniest. Dorothy, of course, was to choose. She looked, and thought, but could not decide, so had to give all a present.

They played games, cut pumpkin faces and other Halloween amusements. They had such a good time and never thought of the puzzles. When they left, Dorothy said: "We'll save them for next Halloween."

### THE HALLOWEEN PARTY.

"Mother," cried Mamie. "May I have a Halloween party?"  
"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Kelly. "If you promise not to overwork me." Mamie promised, and set about writing her invitations and sending them.  
On Saturday she and brother John went down in the woods and got some leaves. They trimmed the parlor, sitting-room, hall and steps with leaves, corn, and Jack-o-lanterns. Next they hung large, medium-sized and small mirrors, everywhere.

Mamie's costume was a Colonial dress with lots of ruffles on it, and powdered hair. Her guests began to arrive at about 8 o'clock. They were dressed as witches, clowns, dunces and in other costumes.

One by one they were led up the steps. When they got to the top, thinking there was another step, they stepped on a box turned upside-down and consequently went down in the box. This caused much laughter. Lots of other jokes were played on them. Desert was served at 9:30 P. M., and they played some more games. They left at about 11 P. M., all saying they had had a fine time.  
ANNE GODDIN.

## Puzzle Department

### A CHARADE.

My first is in G but not in he,  
My second is in E but not in me,  
My third is in H but not in tar,  
My fourth is in M but not in hen,  
My fifth is in A but not in hay,  
My sixth is in N but not in men,  
My seventh is in Y but not in pie,  
My whole is the name of a country at war.  
RUDOLPH VON ERICHSEN.

### GIRLS NAMES IN FIGURES.

5, 12, 9, 26, 1, 2, 5, 20, 8.  
11, 1, 20, 5.  
5, 12, 9, 26, 1.  
13, 1, 18, 25.  
12, 1, 18, 7, 1, 18, 5, 20.  
16, 1, 21, 12, 9, 14, 5.  
22, 9, 15, 7, 9, 14, 9, 1.  
12, 21, 3, 9, 5.  
12, 9, 12, 12, 1, 14.  
4, 15, 15, 15, 20, 8, 25.  
ELEANOR M. INGRAM.

### DROP LETTER PUZZLES OF COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD.

1. -n-ted St-t-a.  
2. -ngl-nd.  
3. R-ss-  
4. C-rm-ny.  
5. S-b-r-  
6. -nd-  
7. -gypt.  
8. C-n-d-a.  
9. Fr-nc-  
10. M-x-c-  
11. Sw-d-n.  
12. Sw-iz-r-nd.  
13. Br-z-  
14. B-l-v-  
15. T-rk-y-  
16. B-l-g-r-  
17. S-r-v-  
All letters dropped are vowels.  
ARCHIE HAWKINS.

### BOYS' NAMES IN FIGURES.

8, 1, 18, 22, 5, 25.  
1, 14, 2, 5, 15, 20.  
20, 15, 13.  
23, 9, 12, 12, 9, 19.  
3, 21, 18, 20, 9, 13.  
6, 18, 1, 14, 11.  
7, 15, 8, 14.  
12, 9, 20, 20.  
MARY SUE TUCKER.

### LETTERS FROM ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER.

VA.  
June 29, 19—

Dearest Bettie:  
I am going to have a little chat with you to-day, as it has been a long time since I wrote last, I think it is time I was letting you hear from me again.  
I have been suffering with a dreadful headache for quite a while, and I have threatened to throw a book at Winnie several times, for every time I groan she laughs and groans, too. She thinks it is my own fault. She said that selfish pigs (mind that, Bettie, me a pig) who eat large boxes of chocolates without an intermission deserve all they get—and more. Winnie is a horrid thing—sometimes. I do believe she is only jealous, though, because I do not offer her any. If I was not afraid she would find it out I would tell you something which she imagines is a secret. I wonder if I dare. For spite I think I shall, she called me a pig, you know. This is not one of her pranks, but it really is as good as one. To my way of thinking it is better.  
Winnie always did possess a love for red hats, and the larger and brighter she can get them the more it pleases her. The other day she donned her new bonnet and sallied forth in high spirits. I asked her to take me along, but she replied that she was going to stroll in the woods and gather the wild flowers, so it would be useless for me to disturb myself. I regarded her with frowning brows. Of course I did not believe her, so what did I do but follow her. I was correct, for Winnie never even glanced toward the woods, but started out at a terrific pace across the field. I detected deceitful people. I let her know that I did afterwards, too. Several times she turned around and I narrowly escaped being caught by hiding in the tall grass. I drew back as she started crying suddenly from Winnie. Heavens! What was that? A bull! And it was making its way straight to her. I always said those red hats would get her into trouble some day. She, silly thing, instead of casting aside the hat, began to run, the bull after her, and I after them both. I really could not say how far we did run, although I know it was a good distance. I found that out when I started to return home.  
"Poor Winnie," I thought, "here's where she gets held up." For right ahead was a big puzzle, which each was supposed to work before leaving. Her mother stood them up in a row, so as to see which was funniest. Dorothy, of course, was to choose. She looked, and thought, but could not decide, so had to give all a present.  
They played games, cut pumpkin faces and other Halloween amusements. They had such a good time and never thought of the puzzles. When they left, Dorothy said: "We'll save them for next Halloween."

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ANNE GODDIN.

### THE POOR.

I saw the roses blooming,  
All around the door  
Of a happy couple,  
Who were very poor.

They had a little boy,  
Who was very good and bright;  
People often saw him  
Working in the night.

But early every morning  
He was always happy and bright,  
And ready to help her,  
From morning 'till night.  
Composed by ALBERT DOYLE,  
Age twelve.

### THE POOR.

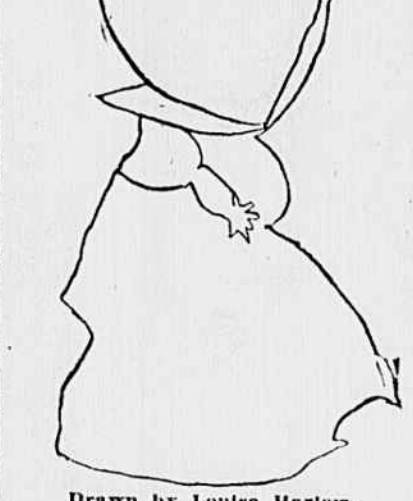
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Drawn by May Robertson.



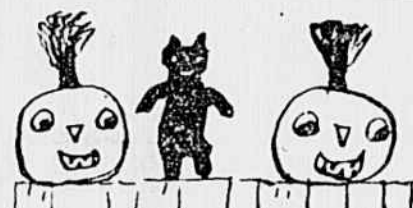
Drawn by Louise Harlow.



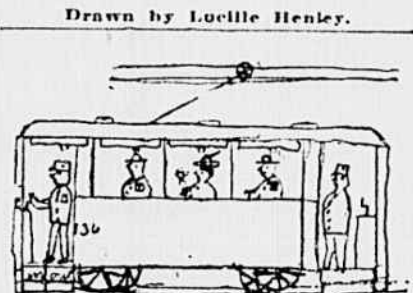
Drawn by Bernice Evans.



Drawn by Julia Hughes.



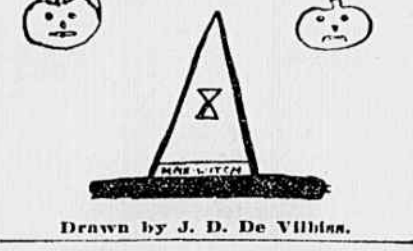
Drawn by Lucille Henley.



Drawn by Franklin Evans.



Drawn by Edson Kimbal.



Drawn by J. D. De Villias.



Drawn by Mary L. Wilkinson.